

JOHNSON, SONG PUB. STATIONER and PRINTER,  
No. 7 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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# LITTLE BUNCH OF ROSES.

By sending Johnson 40 cts, he will send you the music for this song.

I am waiting here to meet my darling,  
And my heart is in a flutter of delight,  
For we kissed last night when we were parting,  
And this is where she bid me come "to-night."  
When away from her, I am so lonely,  
I know not what to do;  
But her bright sweet smile can ever cheer me—  
Her heart is warm and true. Oh!  
When we kissed, then I saw her pretty blushes,  
She turned her face away the blush to hide,  
I was happy with my bunch of roses,  
My little bunch of roses by my side.

CHORUS.—There is something that I must not tell,  
And that is where this maid does dwell;  
In her hair she wears a white camelia,  
And a dark blue is the color of her eyes—  
And I call her my little bunch of roses,  
My darling, charming, captivating prize

It was in those happy days of childhood,  
When first I met this roughish little belle,  
By a streamlet running through the wild wood,  
Though but a boy, in love with her I fell.  
She is now the pride of all the city,  
Of summers, sweet sixteen;  
And is called by all a perfect beauty,  
A fawn-like fairy queen, Oh!  
Now I meet her almost every evening,  
And I think it is the sweetest thing in life,  
For to walk with the flower of my affection,  
Especially when she's soon to be my wife,

'Twas an evening when the moon was shining,  
The little stars were twinkling far above,  
Arm-in arm we were walking in the garden,  
'Twas there and then we both revealed our love.  
So I asked her then if she would take me  
For better or for worse:  
When she smiled on me so very sweetly,  
And answered: "Yes of course," Oh!  
I confess that I never was so happy,  
Nor do I think that ever I could be,  
Till I've married my little bunch of roses,  
With a little bunch of roses on my knee.